

# Akala - Shakespeare Lyrics

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Nigga Listen,  
When I spit on the rhythm I kill 'em,  
Raw like the ball of Brazillians,  
You don't want war, cor, the kid's brilliant,  
Blud, I'm the heir to the throne, not William,  
Akala, smart as King Arthur  
Darker, harder, faster  
Rasclaat, I kick that illa shit  
It's like Shakespeare, with a nigga twist.  
Lyricist, I'm the best on the road  
Nitro flow, oh so cold I'mma blow yo  
Keep the hoes, I only want dough homes  
Nobody close, I'm alone in my own zone  
No no no love for the po-po  
Loco when I rock mic solo  
I hope that you know, where you don't go though  
Want it with Bolo? Must be Coco.  
It's William, back from the dead  
But I rap about gats and I'm black instead  
It's Shakespeare, reincarnated  
Except I spit flows and strip hoes naked  
No fakin', test my blood bruv  
It's William, just back as a tug cuz  
So real the shit I kick now  
Plus I don't write, I recite my shit now  
Straight from the top, expert timing  
On top of that now the whole thing's rhyming  
No more tights, now jeans sagging  
If I say so myself, I'm much more handsome.  
Don't ever compare me to rappers  
I'm so quick-witted that I split 'em like fractions  
My shit, I tell 'em like this  
It's like Shakespeare with a nigga twist

I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
Pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy

There ain't no ifs or maybes  
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I'm similar to William, but a little different  
I do it for kids that's illiterate, not Elizabeth  
Stuck on the road, faces screwed up  
Feel like the world spat 'em out and they chewed up  
It's a matrix, I try and explain it  
But on a real thoe still ready blaze em  
No contradiction just face it  
They so enslaved, they are worse than a agent  
I grace stages, sharp as razors  
Don't get cut cuz, keep ya distance  
No artillery, tryna' be militant  
Ya'll dudes killin' me, think that ya killin' it  
Its embarrassing watchin you babblin  
Keep spittin ya darts, mine is javelins  
The hood Tiger Woods too milly  
Number 1 for so long, its just getting' silly  
Shit kinda like Bruce wit da knuckles  
Like the first time ya ever saw Ali shuffle  
You don't trouble, left layin in a puddle  
Bruv you are havin' a bubble  
I'ma whole different kettle of fish  
Thou shall not fuck with dis  
My shit, I tell em like this  
Its like Shakespeare with a nigger twist

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To be fair, no MC close to the man  
Little just come yout's jumpin out of they pram  
Everybody badman, behind a mic stand  
Its not creative, one bag of hype, and  
If you buss a ting, where's the mash?  
Move so much food? Where's the cats?

These dudes ain't real, they just rap  
I don't spit what I don't know  
Just the facts  
No talks of rocks I ain't sold  
Shots I ain't blown  
So cold and I know my own  
My business ridiculous  
Sick with it, quick witted  
Companies head to head an I liquidate it  
Welcome to illa state, meet ya fate mate  
Talk truth but we don't play games  
Move sick, look sample techno  
Never pull a ting, if it ain't gonna let go  
That's that, rap track  
Clap ya like a black gat  
Back chat, crack back  
I'm the nigga, that's that  
The rest of these kids is irrelevant  
Don't compare me to him  
That's just beggin' it  
I'm on my own shit  
Dicks ain't spit  
Its no democracy, dictatorship  
So dicks hate my shit  
I'm sick, raise ya spliff  
Im swift, blaze em quick  
My hits, major shit  
I flip phrases quick  
My sick razor shit  
Give thick grazes quick  
And chicks say he's cris  
It's not a rumour  
That kid Akala  
It's not "Ack-a-la", beg ya pardon  
Don't get it twisted  
Your on the sideline like a mistress  
I'm the whizzkid, with the sick shit  
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